

SIR THOMAS ON RACING

Lipton Tells of His Efforts to Win the America's Cup.

BOUGHT TO HONOR IRELAND.

Why He Named His Boat Shamrock—Present Yacht, He Declares, of No Use to Mankind or Commerce. Would Prefer to Race With "Real, Honest Boats"—Bets No Money on the Results of the Races.

Before the sailing of the yacht races Sir Thomas Lipton wrote for the Cosmopolitan for September an article on "My Efforts to Win the America's Cup." The following extracts from the article are reprinted by permission: (Copyright, 1903, by Cosmopolitan Magazine Company.)

Just when I first desired to win the America's cup I cannot positively say. Very likely the germ of that ambition entered my mind as far back as the time when the Genesta was battling for the trophy, but my first overt act, if I may use the term, was just sixteen years ago, and it came about and took form in this way:

The Thistle had been in America, fighting valiantly, but unsuccessfully, for the cup. I remember sitting at my home and pondering.

"England has tried and failed; Scotland has tried and failed. Why not give Ireland a chance?"

The idea pleased me. That same night I sat down and wrote a long letter to my friend, Mr. Lane, then member of parliament for Cork, and I asked him to submit a proposition to the Royal Cork Yacht club—the oldest yachting organization in the world, by the way—to the effect that an Irish yacht be built from the designs of an Irishman and that she be manned by an Irish crew and commanded by an Irish skipper.

"I wish the challenger to be all Irish," I wrote in effect, "and if the Royal Cork Yacht club can give me such a craft I will pay all the expenses."

In due course of time Mr. Lane replied. The Royal Cork Yacht club was very anxious to join me in the enterprise; but, alas, it was impossible! An all Irish challenger was out of the question for the reason that there was neither Irish yacht designer nor skipper for that class of boat at that time. It caused the officers and members of the Cork club much chagrin to admit this fact, but nevertheless it was a fact, and so the matter ended.

But the ambition to win the bit of silver that had remained so long in America was not dead within me, nor was the desire to have much of the credit for bringing it across the Atlantic redoubt to the glory of Ireland. I was resolved that sooner or later I would have a try for it and that Ireland would figure very largely in my attempts to succeed where so many gallant sportsmen had failed. My time did not come for many years, but finally my opportunity arrived, and, true to my first ambition, I made my challenger as much Irish as I could.

She was christened Shamrock, and her consort was Erin. Shamrock she was named because that is the national flower of my native land and because I have always considered it an emblem of good luck. Hundreds of letters have come to me in the past few years fairly begging me to give the challenger another name, arguing that, as that name had gone down in defeat on two occasions, there must be something unlucky about it. But I have invariably replied that it was not the name that was beaten, but the boat.

"Some day, if I live," I wrote one gentleman, "a Shamrock will prove the better boat, and then you will be one of the first to say that the name was a lucky one."

I wish to go on record as saying one thing, and that is that the American people, American sportsmen, are the kindest people on earth.

My antagonists are fair fighters, and the people whom I meet everywhere are so cordial and hospitable that this has often embarrassed me and my associates.

Frequently I have been asked if I bet on my own boat. Unreservedly I say I never wagered a farthing. I do not believe in betting. I have never bet on a horse race or on any sport. I have gone into ship's pools while crossing but more for the reason of not seeming to hold myself aloof from others than for any other purpose. But when it comes to wagering sums of money on such a sport as yachting I would like to say that I heartily disapprove of it, and I would be much displeased if any one of my guests or any member of my ship's company were to do such a thing. I know from what I have learned that enormous sums of money have been wagered in Britain on the success of the two previous Shamrocks, but personally I have done everything possible to discourage this form of gambling. To my mind it cheapens the sport, no matter what may be the moral side of the question.

And what if I should win the cup? If I should, I think I know what I would do. American yachtsmen would have to build a different kind of a boat from either Shamrock or Reliance to bring it back again. Cup challengers and defenders are dangerous. One stands upon their decks as one sails, and at any minute a spar may fall or a sail may fall or a piece of metal may fall. Yes, racing yachts are dangerous and useless.

When I was a little boy, living on the banks of the Clyde, I loved every ripple and current of the stream, and I loved every craft that floated on her bosom.

I loved the daisy boats and the sturdy, honest ships that put out to sea and weathered the gales of winter and the squalls of summer. I loved the stern and honesty of them all, and when, later in life, I shipped as a cabin boy I learned to love the strong bolts and the solid planking and the sails that bade the winds do their worst.

Of what use to mankind, of what use to commerce, are these beautiful white swans? They are of no use at all. They are a menace. Do they aid the science of shipbuilding? Do they teach any lesson to the thousands of men who earn their livelihood upon the seas? They do not. They are mere racing machines, nothing more and nothing less. When these races are ended, they are worth only so much as the metal within them will bring. They are of no practical use to any one. If Shamrock III. loses I shall have to throw her upon a scrap heap. I love her because upon her my hopes are centered. I want that cup to go back where it came from, and in order to meet the requirements of the defenders I had to build her—good for nothing, beautiful creature that she is. But if she wins the cup I will cherish her for the glory that was hers. Yet in that case never will her type race again for the America's cup unless it again leaves its native shores for the United States.

If the cup goes to Ireland, England and Scotland, the challenger must build an honest boat, a healthy boat, a real boat, to meet the defender on the other side if I live and have any voice in the matter.

I am an Irishman, and I love Shamrock III. from the edge of her keel to the top of her mast.

PIANO PLAYING CHAMPION.

Thumped the Ivories Continuously For Twenty-six Hours.

With blisters on his fingers and his nerves and muscles in a state of utter collapse, J. M. Waterbury ended a twenty-six hours' sitting at a piano which he had been playing without intermission in a saloon in Belleville, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He played ragtime, lullabies, grand opera, light opera, topical songs, "heart" songs, old fashioned music, two-steps, waltzes, polkas—everything except hymns.

He ate only one Swiss cheese sandwich and one ham sandwich and drank only whisky. He smoked cigarettes with almost little cessation as he played the piano. For most of the time he was sitting on the orthodox piano stool, but now and then he would stand, "resting" in that way on one occasion for an hour.

Waterbury says his best previous "endurance" record was made in the Lambs' club rooms in New York city. This was a contest, Ada Belleville being his opponent. She played for twenty-four hours; he lasted an hour longer.

He claims that he is the world's champion in his particular line and challenges anybody to try to beat him. He has formulated a set of rules to govern such a contest, and they provide that the player shall use his bare fingers, without gloves or stails; he may select his own music, but must not pause to turn sheets or change selections; "vamping" or playing chords is prohibited, and the player must use both hands all the time; food and drink must be given by an attendant; a pause as much as ten seconds loses the contest.

HIGHWAYMAN'S HELPMATE.

Pretty Wife Aids Husband in Hold-up Enterprises.

H. W. Haynie and Grace Haynie, his wife, have been arrested by city detectives, says a Seattle (Wash.) dispatch. Haynie has confessed to three highway robberies, none of which was very profitable, but the police believe that he and his wife have been working together, the latter in man's attire.

In such guise she might answer the description of a proverbial short man with the tall man, who have been operating here lately. Haynie admits taking his wife with him on several excursions, but denies that she took part in the holdups. Mrs. Haynie is a pretty woman and well known in Oregon.

Haynie was brought up at Forest Grove and attended Pacific university at that place the last two years as a medical student. He was married last March to Miss Grace Walton, a young stenographer of Portland, with a wide circle of acquaintances.

Mrs. Walton was, in a way, a society woman. At the Elks' carnival last year she was a prominent candidate for queen, losing election by only a very few votes.

A spotted horse was the clew followed by the detectives until Haynie was run to earth.

"I ought to get five years for taking my wife out on an expedition of that kind," said he, "and I ought to get ten years for hiring that spotted horse. I might just as well have left a plain trail behind me as to travel with that spotted horse."

The Estate of Mrs. James G. Blaine.

Much surprise has followed the announcement of the value of the estate of Mrs. James G. Blaine, the property being appraised at \$1,000,000, says a Bangor (Me.) dispatch. It is known that Mr. Blaine was not a wealthy man, as wealth is now estimated. It has often been said that the campaign of 1884 cost Mr. Blaine \$500,000 or more, and at its close he told some of his intimates that he was then a poor man. It is said in Augusta that Mr. Blaine cleared about \$500,000 on his book "Twenty Years of Congress" and that he also made some very profitable investments in stocks. The estate is given in its entirety to Mrs. Blaine's children.

THE REXALL REMEDIES

Have made many friends in the few months that they have been on the market, and the

Rexall KIDNEY CURE

is one of the best. It is a liquid remedy and unlike pills—which have to dissolve, and they don't always do that—it enters into the circulation at once and goes right to the spot. Two sizes, small 45c. and large 85c.

Sold only at the

RED CROSS PHARMACY

160 No. Main St., Barre, Vt.

WANTS TO DIE POOR.

A Connecticut Man Gives \$1,000,000 to Relatives.

Wanting to emulate the purposes of Andrew Carnegie and die poor, Stephen B. Roath, a Chicago millionaire, has returned to Norwich, Conn., his boyhood home, and distributed a million dollars among his relatives, says a special to the New York Herald.

"I have had fun in accumulating money," he explains. "Now I want to see what my relatives will do with it. I also wish to avoid all litigation when I am gone and to save the inheritance tax as well as administration fees. If I have done anything to make my relatives happy I want to see results and not to have anybody fighting for it when I am dead."

Mr. Roath retains \$1,000,000, but says he hopes to get rid of all of it before he dies.

Mr. Roath made his fortune in Chicago. He was the first engine driver on the Norwich and Worcester railroad and went to Chicago in 1854, where he has lived since. Every summer he visited his Connecticut home, but his peculiar manner of living and his reticence regarding his financial affairs gave no indication of the fortune he had amassed. In fact, his persistence in living in cheap hotels, his quiet taste in dress and habits led his relatives to believe that he was comparatively poor.

Mr. Roath arrived in Norwich early in July. He confided his plans to Stephen B. Meach, president of the Thames National bank, who supervised the transfer and attended to all details. His fortune, which had been accumulated by investments in Chicago, consists of securities worth much above par value.

GLOBE CIRCLING RECORD.

New York Man Girdles the Earth in Fifty-four Days.

Henry Frederick, a publisher who left New York on July 2 on the steamer Deutschland for a tour around the world, with the hope of breaking the record for the shortest time consumed in encircling the globe, returned to New York on the New York Central railroad, says the New York Times. Mr. Frederick had been successful in his endeavor, having made the entire circuit in fifty-four days, seven hours and twenty minutes.

"My object in making the trip," he said, "was to see what was the quickest time a man could go around the world in comfortably. The train ride from Paris to Dalny, China, consumed eighteen days—two days across the Yellow sea, two days by rail across beautiful Japan. At Yokohama I missed my steamer by ten hours and lost seven days, as I was compelled to take a slow boat two days later, which spent sixteen days on the Pacific. I landed at Victoria and made the American continent in a little over four days. This with the Deutschland's fast time of six days across the Atlantic made my record of fifty-four days. During that time I slept in but one hotel, and that in Yokohama. Every other night was spent either on a train or steamer, and I presume it will be many days before I will miss in my ears the click-click of the rails or cease to feel the motion of the boat."

FROM THE MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL, Boston, Mass.,

A. C. Moody, Graduate Boston Training School for Nurses, says of

Quinona

"I want to tell you of a case where Quinona was given in the prescribed doses, three times daily to an elderly man whose health was in a very bad state. He has made steady progress since taking Quinona, feels much stronger and eats and sleeps well. To sleep well and feel well, take Quinona. All druggists sell it. The Quinona Company, Boston, Mass.

POPE PIUS' RELATIVES.

Retain Their Simplicity of Life Despite His Elevation.

THEY ARE PLAIN PEASANT FOLK.

A Picture of the Home Life of the Pontiff's Brother and Sisters—One Relative Resigns His Pastorate in Maryland to Return to Italy.

The Rev. Don Luigi Sartoris, pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church, Midland, Md., and a relative of Pius X., has sent his resignation to Cardinal Gibbons and will retire from active work in the ministry, says a Baltimore dispatch.

Father Sartoris' family name is Sartoris. He is a native of Venice and wishes to spend the remainder of his life in his boyhood home. He is now sixty years of age. Should he not find life on the estate in Venice as pleasant as in former days Father Sartoris will retire into the Franciscan monastery in the desert of St. John, near Jerusalem.

Probably no more beautiful and unaffected simplicity can be found in any prominent family in the world than in that of Pope Pius X., and today the brother and sisters of the pontiff are just what they were half a century ago, the children of simple peasants, traveling in the same humble walks as their parents.

The parents of Giuseppe Sarto were Venetian peasants, though late in life the pope's father occupied a petty office in the municipality of Riese, a small town in the province of Treviso. The mother of Pius X. was Marguerite Sarton, the daughter of a peasant. She died in 1894, but lived to see her son a cardinal, the crowning joy of her simple life. Giuseppe Sarto bore a striking resemblance to his mother.

The Sartoris lived in a tiny cottage on a little street in the village of Riese. It was but one story high and covered with vines of trailing roses. Here it was that Pope Pius X. and his four sisters and one brother were born. Though the distress of poverty never assailed this little homestead, there was no more than enough to clothe and feed the six growing children, and had it not been for the benevolence of the curate of the parish of Riese the peasant's son would never have been able to secure the education that enabled him to rise to the most exalted position in the church.

Abbe Tito Tosarni did all in his power to put young Sarto through the institute at Castelfranco, and his efforts were rewarded when the remarkable scholarship of his pupil and ward attracted wide attention. After that powerful influences assisted in the rise of the brilliant young priest until he finally became cardinal and patriarch of Venice.

Two of the pope's sisters are unmarried. In fact, their love for their brother and their sisterly care of his comfort have filled their lives, and now they are preparing to go to Rome and live near him.

There has never been anything of worldliness about these two sisters of the pope. Not until recently have they abandoned the peasant dress, and even now, when their charitable work takes them much into the large cities, they wear no other headgear than the veil that is worn by the women of the working classes in Venice.

The two other sisters of Giuseppe Sarto are married, but their marriages have not elevated them above the simple peasant life of their childhood. One of these sisters is the wife of the sacristan of the church at Salzano, where the pope was curate as a young man. The other is the wife of a hardware merchant of Riese. Today they conduct a little bazaar where they sell kitchen utensils, simple tableware, pottery and other humble merchandise. The sister of the pope, her husband, two sons and a daughter still attend the little white wood tables and wait on their village clientele, as they have done for a quarter of a century.

The pope's brother, Angelo Sarto, was for many years a soldier in the Austrian army. In late years he has conducted a little shop and served in a humble capacity in the post office at Asola, near Mantova.

Lined Its Nest With Loot.

For some time the disappearance from many of the rooms of the Woodcleft inn of various small articles has been a source of annoyance to the patrons and managers of the hotel, says a Freeport (N. Y.) dispatch. A pet squirrel belonging to Mrs. H. C. Van Riper became frightened and in attempting to run through a door was caught and injured. Mrs. Van Riper was surprised when she discovered in the nest the missing articles. The squirrel had taken them from the rooms. Among the articles was a comb lost by Mrs. Pitney, a two dollar bill lost by Mr. James Fey, a diamond pin, the property of Miss Livingston, and other stolen articles.

Relics of Montezuma Time.

A. L. Laird of Silver City, N. M., who is building a government sanitarium at Fort Bayard, says that during the excavation for the foundation of the barracks the workmen unearthed an ancient Indian burying ground and found some Indian pottery, probably dating from the Montezuma time.

New Wedding Custom in London.

A novelty was introduced at the last fashionable wedding of the season in London, when the bride and bridegroom, instead of being peited with the conventional rice, had thrown at them the prettiest and softest of tiny shoes made of silver paper.



Another club woman, Mrs. Haule, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache, by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in the back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend your medicine."—Mrs. MAY HAULE, Edgerton, Wis., Pres. Household Economics Club.

When women are troubled with irregularities, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, indigestion, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, inflammation of the ovaries, general debility, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Frances Cook, Box 670, Kane, Pa., says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for ten years with leucorrhoea, but am glad to say that through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her Sanative Wash I am cured, for which I am very thankful."

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham. She will understand your case perfectly, and will treat you with kindness. Her advice is free, and the address is Lynn, Mass. No woman ever regretted having written her, and she has helped thousands.

\$5000 FORFEIT If we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

EDISON'S CANCER CURE

Blood Transfusion Advocated For Phases of Disease.

TIMELY SUGGESTION TO SURGEONS

The Results of Investigations in Connection With Radium and X Rays—New Theory Regarding the Cause and Progress of Cancer.

Profiting by his observations of the effects on tissues of the human body when they are unduly exposed to the rays of the new element, radium, or to the Roentgen X rays, Thomas A. Edison has formulated a new theory concerning the cause and progress of cancer, and he suggests a course of treatment, says a West Orange (N. J.) dispatch.

Mr. Edison watched carefully the progress of the cancer which developed from a slight flush on the back of one of the hands of his assistant, Charles Dally, who has since lost his arm. The disease had its origin in burns by the Roentgen rays. Mr. Edison believes that if the treatment he now proposes had been applied in Dally's case in the beginning he would have been cured.

There are in the human body, Mr. Edison says, certain amoeboid cells which are capable of movement and seem almost to be gifted with intelligence. Their sole function is to restore shattered and injured tissue. In the case of a cut, wound or even an ordinary burn nature through these cells sets to work to restore normal conditions and succeeds if no other influence interferes.

With a burn produced by radium or the Roentgen rays Mr. Edison finds there are entirely different phenomena. The rays apparently destroy not only the tissue, but also the amoeboid cells. The result is that the wound will not heal. Nature, however, says Mr. Edison, does her best even under these conditions. It is here that Mr. Edison thinks the cells display a species of intelligence, for when the cells in the neighborhood of the injury fail to heal

the wound they are themselves destroyed and they are immediately a rush of fresh cells from other parts of the body to the seat of trouble. There seems then to be an improvement, but it is only apparent.

Soon a mass of reddish granulations is seen on the surface. Instead of being limited in area, like ordinary granulations, they attain enormous size and presently grow into what is known as "rose" cancer. All this time there is a steady influx of amoeboid cells, until the rest of the body is bare of them. Then the disease has full sway.

As an antidote to this Mr. Edison believes that the blood of a healthy person, unattained by cancer or other malignant disease, will provide enough strong amoeboid cells to overcome the injury. In practice, some blood from a healthy subject would be drawn off into a sterile hypodermic syringe and then injected into the region of the part affected. The disease would then be attacked by germs possessing the strength to conquer the malignity.

Mr. Edison was asked how he would apply the idea to cancer in an organ in the interior of the body and not due to the injurious rays. He replied that in his opinion certain persons were affected peculiarly by certain foods that caused the destruction of the amoeboid cells. Friction sometimes tended to destroy the cells, as in cases of smokers' cancer of the mouth. The treatment of internal cancers, according to his theory, was, said Mr. Edison, a question to be solved by the surgeons and not by himself.

Mr. Edison does not intend to do anything to work out his theory, saying that this, too, is a matter for the surgeon and scientific physiologist. "Perhaps it is a rather daring theory," he says, "and it may take a man of courage to work it out, but I really believe that the idea is entirely tenable and will work out that way."

Apples For Gout. Those troubled with gout will find their best remedy in the acid contained in apples. Several should be eaten daily.

Teeth. The Americans and English, although they consume twice as much sugar as the French and Germans, have much better teeth.